

Humorous Department

Would Save the Band.—A correspondent sent us this story, evidently from an ironical Swiss paper. A few soldiers belonging to part of a Swiss regiment in a garrison at Basel, went to a certain cafe for refreshments. One of them sat down again at a table. Later a civilian, a German, joined them and began to talk war politics. "Would you shoot the Germans if they invaded Switzerland?" asked the German.

"Oh, no; never!" exclaimed the soldier.

"Waiter, a pint of beer and a beefsteak with potatoes for this brave man," ordered the civilian.

"And your pals sitting at the next table—would they also not shoot the Germans if they tried to invade this country?"

"Oh, no, never," reiterated the Swiss.

"Waiter, a glass of beer for each of the soldiers at the next table!" ordered the civilian.

"And again addressing the soldier he asked: 'Is this generally the view held in the Swiss army in regard to a possible German invasion? Are all the Swiss soldiers so Germanophil?'"

"I don't know," replied the soldier.

"But why would you not shoot the Germans?"

"Because we belong to the band."—Manchester Guardian.

Wanted Further Instructions.—"Everybody," observed a New York woman, "knows one or more of those conscientious objectors who can not ride themselves of the notion that no one can be trusted to carry out the simplest details of routine work without their personal supervision."

"It was one of this sort who went west, leaving in his brother's care a parrot of which he was very fond. All the way out he worried about the bird, and at Chicago he sent his brother the following telegram:

"Be sure to feed the parrot."

"Whereupon brother telegraphed back:

"Have fed him, but he is hungry again. What shall I do next?"—New York Times.

Might Have Been Worse.—The great explorer was captured by the savages, relates the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"We will spare your life if you will marry my daughter," stated the chief in a ukase or ultimatum or tirade or whatever you call it in their parts of the world.

The great explorer quailed, as well he might, for the princess had an incoming face.

"Still," he murmured philosophically, "it might have been worse. They might have insisted on a fashionable wedding."

And so they lived happily ever after.

His Definition of Water.—Upon the eve of the annual meeting of the Kentucky Educational association, another story of the public schools may be amiss, says the Louisville Times. This is one that is said to have happened at the Washington school where part of the original work was definition of familiar things:

"Johnny Jones, what is water?" asked the teacher.

For the moment Johnny was stumped.

Only for a moment, though, for he triumphantly answered, "Water is what turns black when you put your hands in it."

He Was It.—Mr. Meek was laboriously hooking up the back of his wife's evening dress just as the clock was striking their dinner hour and their dinner guests were ringing the door bell. Mr. Meek breathed hard; his forehead was damp and his hands shook.

"I do wish someone would invent a machine to do this kind of work," he muttered miserably.

"Why, they have," replied his wife brightly as she applied some powder nonchalantly to her nose. "They have, and you are it."—Youth's Companion.

Successful Ruse.—"Charlie," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby. We will call her Imogene."

Papa was lost in thought for a few moments. He didn't like the name, but if he opposed it his wife would have her own way.

"That's nice," said he, presently.

"My first sweetheart was named Imogene, and she will take it as a compliment."

"We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.

A Mean Trick.—A city youth secured a job with Farmer Jones. The morning after his arrival, promptly at 4 o'clock, the farmer rapped on his door and told him to get up. The youth protested.

"What for?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Why, we're going out to cut oats," replied the farmer.

"Are they wild oats?" queried the youth, "that you've got to sneak up on 'em in the dark?"

It Looked Different.—"What a pretty hat Mrs. Pinky wore this evening."

"Did you like it, dear?"

"Yes, it was very becoming. Why don't you get hats like that?"

"You mustn't blame me if I laugh, John. The hat you like is my hat. Mrs. Pinky borrowed it this evening. It's the \$20 hat you called a fright."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Modern Acceptance.—Mr. Gushington: Miss Goldlocks! Clara, will you be mine?

Miss Goldlocks: Mr. Gushington, no high minded, modern thinking woman will ever consent to belong to any man. But I will marry you, Percy.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Method Antique.—Your new novel is in some way a bit out of date."

"How, for example?"

"Well, you make the heroine sweep the room with a glance, when today everybody is using vacuum cleaners."—Boston Transcript.

She Changed the Subject.—She (passionately)—Will you be true to me?

He (tenderly)—As true as the rose bloom in your cheeks.

She—Why—er—isn't the moon grand?

Sentiment Not True of Pat.—"Feyther," said little Mickey, "wasn't it Patrick Henry that said: 'Let us have peace?'"

"Nivier!" said old Mickey. "Nobody of 'th' name of Patrick ivir said any thing like that."—Ladies Home Journal.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Items of Interest Gathered From All

Around the World.

Snow fell in Kansas and the "pan-handle" of Texas, Thursday.

President Wilson will review the North Atlantic fleet in the Hudson river, at New York, May 17th.

John R. Farnshaw, a Philadelphia lawyer, has been sentenced to a year in prison for obtaining money under false pretenses.

Three ships left Savannah, Ga., on Thursday for English and Italian ports. The vessels were loaded with cotton and naval stores.

Up to and including May 7th, the Germans have sunk a total of 82 ships, costing 570 lives, excluding of those in the Lusitania disaster.

The date of the sinking of the Titanic by collision with an iceberg, was April 14, at midnight. Of the 2,223 passengers and crew on board 1,517 were lost.

The Italian chamber of deputies will convene May 20. The Italian press considers that only a miracle can keep Italy out of the war.

The British government proposes to absolutely prohibit the sale of spirits less than three years old. Duties on beers and wines will be withdrawn.

Albert Hill, veteran a gravedigger of the Old Fellow's cemetery, Philadelphia, known as the "Laughing Gravedigger," finished a grave Friday afternoon, climbed out, said he felt queer, and fell back into the grave dead.

Fifty automobiles of Chester, Pa., were temporarily put out of business Thursday night by punctured tires, caused by hobnails scattered in great numbers on the streets, supposedly in an effort to drive the jitney cars out of business.

Because of lack of ships to carry it to Europe, there is a big increase in the amount of fresh meats held in American cold storage warehouses. In New Jersey April 1, there were stored 16,223,115 pounds of fresh meat, as compared with 6,766,688 a year ago.

Frank A. Munsey, owner has announced a reduction in the price of the New York Sunday Press from 8 cents to 1 cent a copy, and says he will make it strictly a newspaper, cutting out the magazine and "rubb" sections.

Rev. George Chalmers Richmond has been deposed from the rectorship of St. John's Episcopal church, Philadelphia, by decision of Bishop Rhinelander. The deposed clergyman is charged with "conduct unbecoming a clergyman and violating his ordinance vows."

An agricultural department's report estimates the total acreage of winter wheat as being 40,169,000 acres, an increase in acreage of 4,161,000 acres over last year, and an indicated yield, based on May 1, reports, of 693,000,000 bushels, an increase over the April estimate of 74,000,000 bushels.

Early in March, John H. McFadden, the millionaire cotton broker of Philadelphia, engaged passage on the May 1, sailing of the Lusitania for himself and family. Later, he says, he had a premonition that the ship would be torpedoed and canceled his reservation.

His friends ridiculed his fears, but he didn't care.

The Atlantic Fruit company, New York, has purchased the steamships Sarnia and Sibiria, formerly owned by the Hamburg-American line. Both vessels have been tied up at American ports since the beginning of the war and have been transferred to United States registry.

John Mock, a wealthy citizen of West Philadelphia, recently offered Mrs. Howard Gray of Roaring Branch, Pa., \$100,000 if she would relinquish her rights and claims to her daughter, Vivian Jane Lieb Gray, two years old, who she might adopt as her own child. The offer was refused. Mrs. Gray's husband is a telegraph operator.

A special messenger of the prohibition forces in England, Mr. Henry Randall, has sailed for the United States to urge Rev. Billy Sunday to go to England to lead the prohibition fight on the liquor traffic in Great Britain. Mr. Sunday says he has all the work he can possibly attend to in the United States.

In an address at Madison, Wis., ex-President William H. Taft commended the neutrality policy of President Wilson, "which he has so conscientiously followed." Further, Mr. Taft said: "We are in a state of anxious expectancy—a state of sorrow. For a time we are enjoying a feverish activity in many branches of industry. We must take care that all of this is real prosperity. We have been criticized for the sale of arms and ammunition permitted under the international rules. The rule has always been that neutrals could furnish arms and foodstuffs. As a nation, we should not place ourselves at a disadvantage and take an opposite view of this question."

MEXICAN STORM CENTER

Outlook is Still Dark, Says Dr. N. E. Presley.

Tampico is the center of the revolution at the present time, and the Villista faction, if we can believe the reports, are approaching this point from four directions, and with the determination to take the port. The fortification of the place is still being pushed, and is considered to be in condition to resist any force sent against it. The last report on the Monterrey division is that Victoria, capital of the state of Tamaulipas, has fallen; and the advancing forces are only eighty miles from here. At El Edono, thirty-five miles distant on the San Luis Potosi line, fighting has kept up. The daily movement of troops keeps many excited, and the masses fear a siege, and its terrible consequences.

The food situation has been relieved in a measure, for a few weeks; but it is only temporary. There were some days when it was impossible to get bread. Both wheat and corn have been shipped in, but they are high priced, seventy pesos (dollars) a sack of forty cents a litre for corn; about thirty litres a bushel. It has been sold as high as sixty cents a litre. The scarcity in the interior has been greater than here. Brother Tice, a Quaker missionary from Victoria, came to Tampico last Thursday, and for five days before leaving Victoria, he had only roasting ears to eat. He says: "The suffering is pitiful in the extreme; but it does not reach the

heart of the leaders of the contending factions.

The army transport "Sumner," has been sent here by the American government, to take Americans to some port in Texas. It will have to transport more than a thousand refugees. More than a thousand have gone in the last three months. The laws decreed by the Carranza government to govern the oil business have in a measure caused a suspension of drilling and the exportation of oil. Since the beginning of the European trouble, the demand has not been so great and hence many oil men have been dismissed, and with their families many will return to the United States.

Last Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock, we had over eighty at the Sabbath school and service in Spanish. The collection was over thirteen pesos. Since the high cost of living has advanced, our collections have decreased. There is a fund in the treasury, but some of the bills have been annulled, and others are counterfeit, and there was a balance of nineteen pesos due on payments last month. It has been made up, but there will be a deficit at the end of this month.

As the Mexican congregation went from the church at half past ten, the English congregation came in. It was the day of our communion service, and we had a good crowd. We were assisted by a local Methodist minister, and many expressed their enjoyment of the service. At the table were seen Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Lutherans, Christians and Quakers. The floral decoration was beautiful, and the spirit good. The collection was \$46.05.

That night the Quaker brother gave us a good sermon, and he was enjoyed. He had not preached to so large a congregation in Mexico in his sojourn in the country of several years. The church was about full. He said that he had never preached to so many nationalities, he thought he saw five different countries represented: Mexicans, Americans, English and Chinese. We have three Korean members, which he took to be Chinese. At the English service we have one Chinese member. We have had a good many soldiers at all of our meetings, and since the movement of troops has been so active, they are all gone to the firing line. I find a good many that know me from other places, have heard me preach and saw me at the Upper Chamber meetings, which we hold annually at some central place. The sickness is abating since the return of the hot season. There is some smallpox but it is under control. It was brought in by soldiers. The look is dark, and we are all praying for peace.—Rev. N. E. Presley, D. D., in A. R. Presbyter.

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

Sketch of the Great Cunarder Sunk by the Germans.

Eight years and eleven months old, one of the biggest, the fastest and the most luxurious of the ocean liners, the Cunarder Lusitania held her head high as queen of the seas. She was the fastest of the transatlantic palaces to cross and land passengers in four days from the departed port, 188 feet over all, making a speed of 27 knots an hour. She was a masterpiece of engineering, a floating palace, affording means of comfort in travel for 2,400 passengers and 500 officers and men, with engines of 10,000 horsepower. The cost of the main cost her owners \$10,000,000, and they say she was worth every cent of it.

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